

MARVEL
15th June 91

THE REAL

№157 55p

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GH^oSTBUSTERS™

**YOUR MOVE,
SPENGLER!**



ISSN 0954-9404



24

9 770954 940028



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We don't wish to give the game away, but Egon Spengler and the rest of **The Real Ghostbusters** are in serious trouble here. They've battled many challenging spooks in their *checkered* career, but the stakes are high in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

If you've ever wondered why your telephone seems to give you endless wrong numbers then you could well find the answer is our first story. The Real Ghostbusters meet some very cross lines indeed when they discover the door to a demonic dimension inside a phone booth in **The Twilight Phone!**

Apart from all the regular ectoplasmically exciting features in store for you, there is also the third thrilling instalment of **The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea!** It'll leave you quivering like a jelly and fill you full of dread – and that's a promise!

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Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT

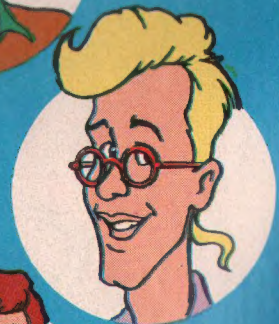


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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



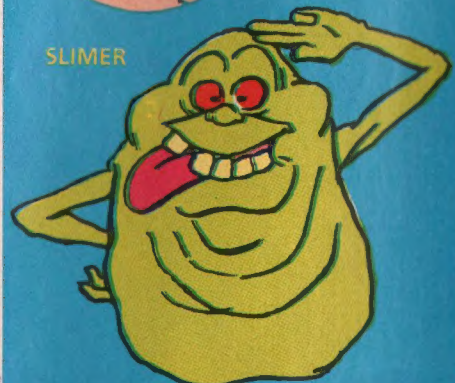
RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS

THE TWILIGHT PHONE!

ON THE WAY BACK FROM A BUST...

HEY, RAY. SLAM ON THE BRAKES. I WANNA SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

SCREECH!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, CHIEF? IS IT *PARANORMAL*?

WELL, AT FIRST I DIDN'T THINK SO.

BUT TWO OF MY MEN HAVE GONE INSIDE AND WE'VE LOST RADIO CONTACT.

PERHAPS THEY'RE JUST MAKING A LONG DISTANCE CALL!

OKAY, SEND THE SWAT TEAM IN.

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WAS YOU.

OKAY, LET'S ENGAGE THE ENEMY... WOW!

DON'T GO IN THERE!

SUPERNATURAL ECTO-BLAZE. THAT MEANS ONE THING. THE BOX IS THE DOORWAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION!

EGON DID TRY TO WARN THEM!



MY SWAT TEAM! WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT HAPPENED? HOW AM I GOING TO REPORT THIS TO THE MAYOR?

JUST TELL HIM THEY'RE STUCK IN A PHONE BOX!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH!

YES, WE DO, WINSTON! A DOORWAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION.

YEAH, EGON, BUT WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE?



IT'S OKAY, PEOPLE. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE HERE! WE'RE GOING IN!

???



FOLLOW ME. JUST KEEP THE SHADES ON UNTIL WE GET INSIDE!

THEY DON'T DO MUCH GOOD, BUT THEY LOOK COOL! THAT'S WHY PETER LIKES THEM!

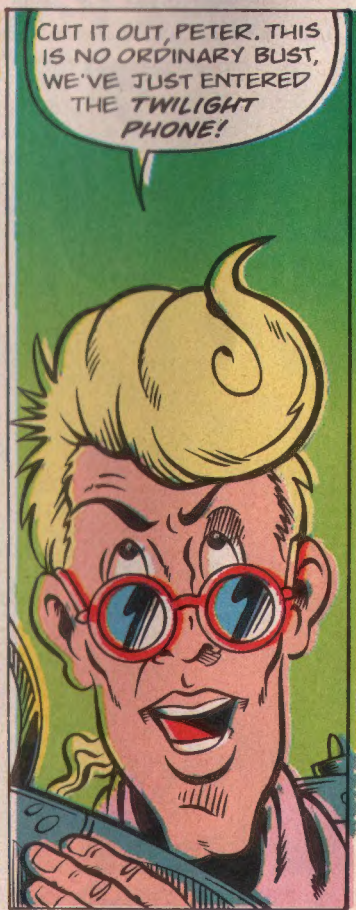
ZUM!



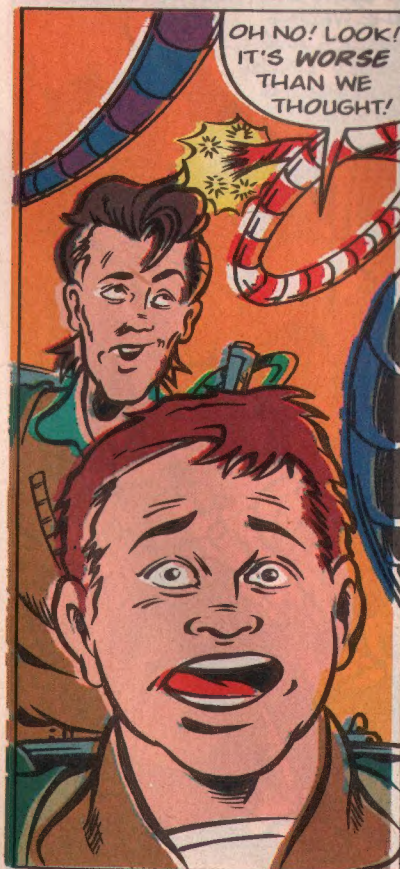
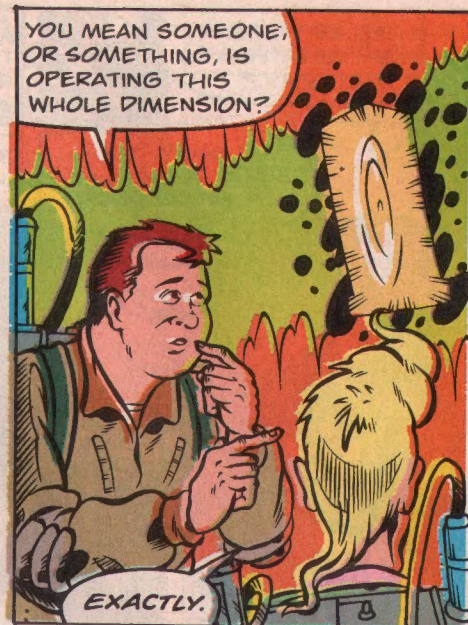
INSIDE...

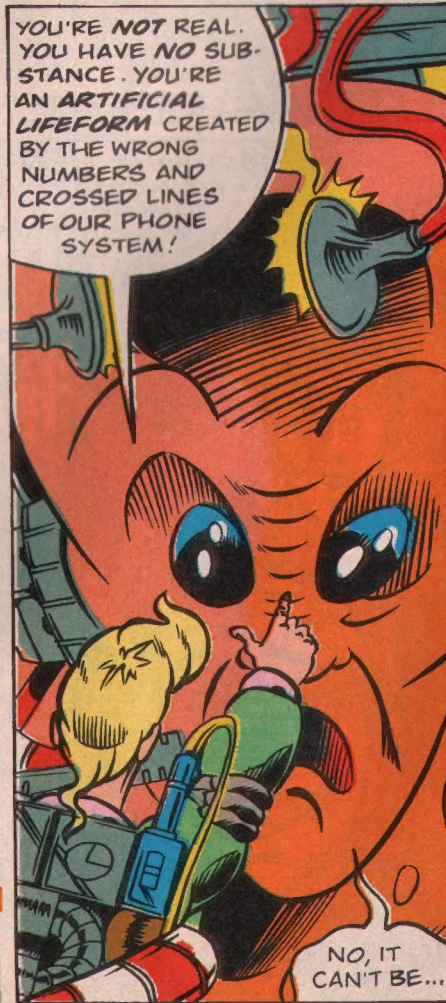
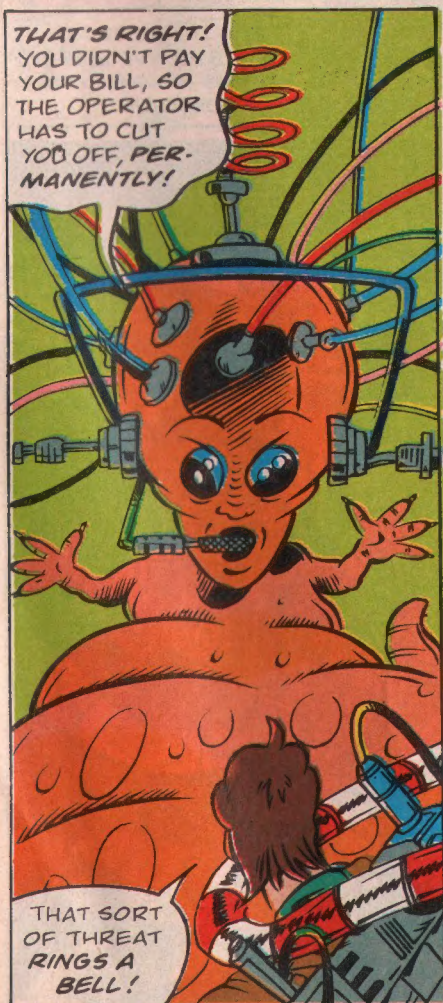
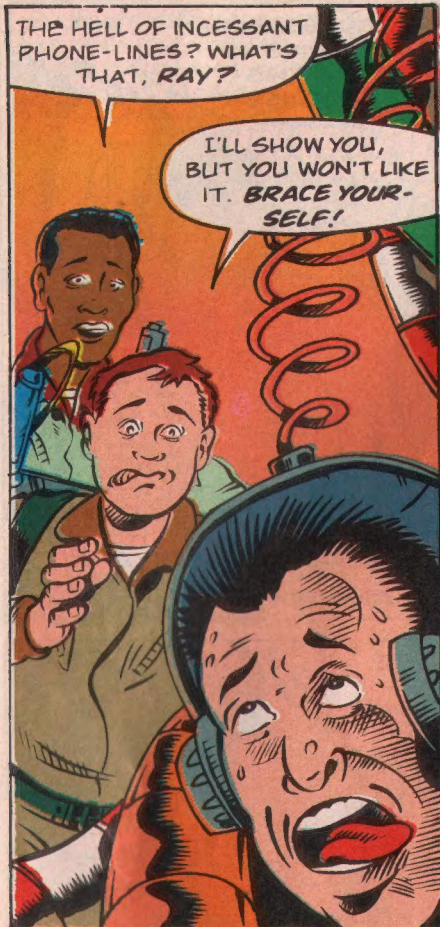
WOW! IT'S SMALL ON THE OUTSIDE, AND ENORMOUS INSIDE!

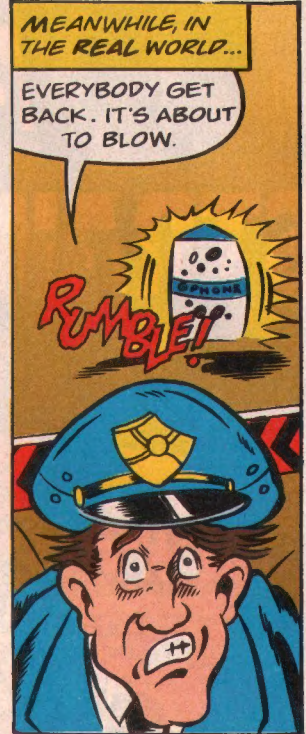
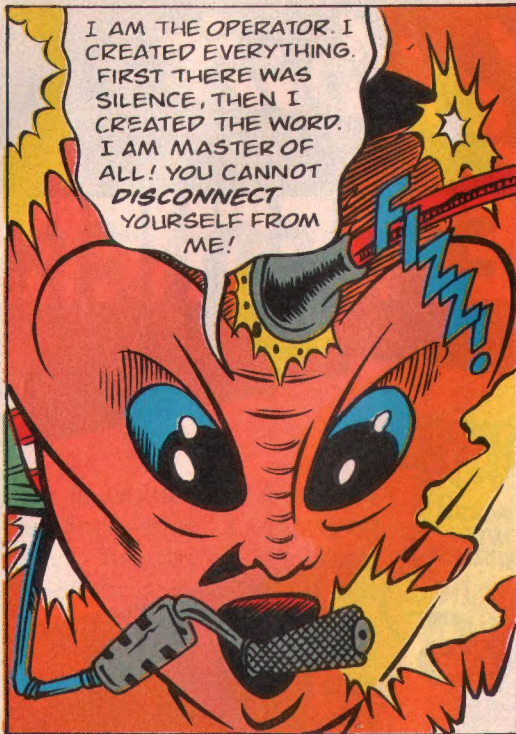
I WONDER IF WE'LL GET TO MEET DR WHO?



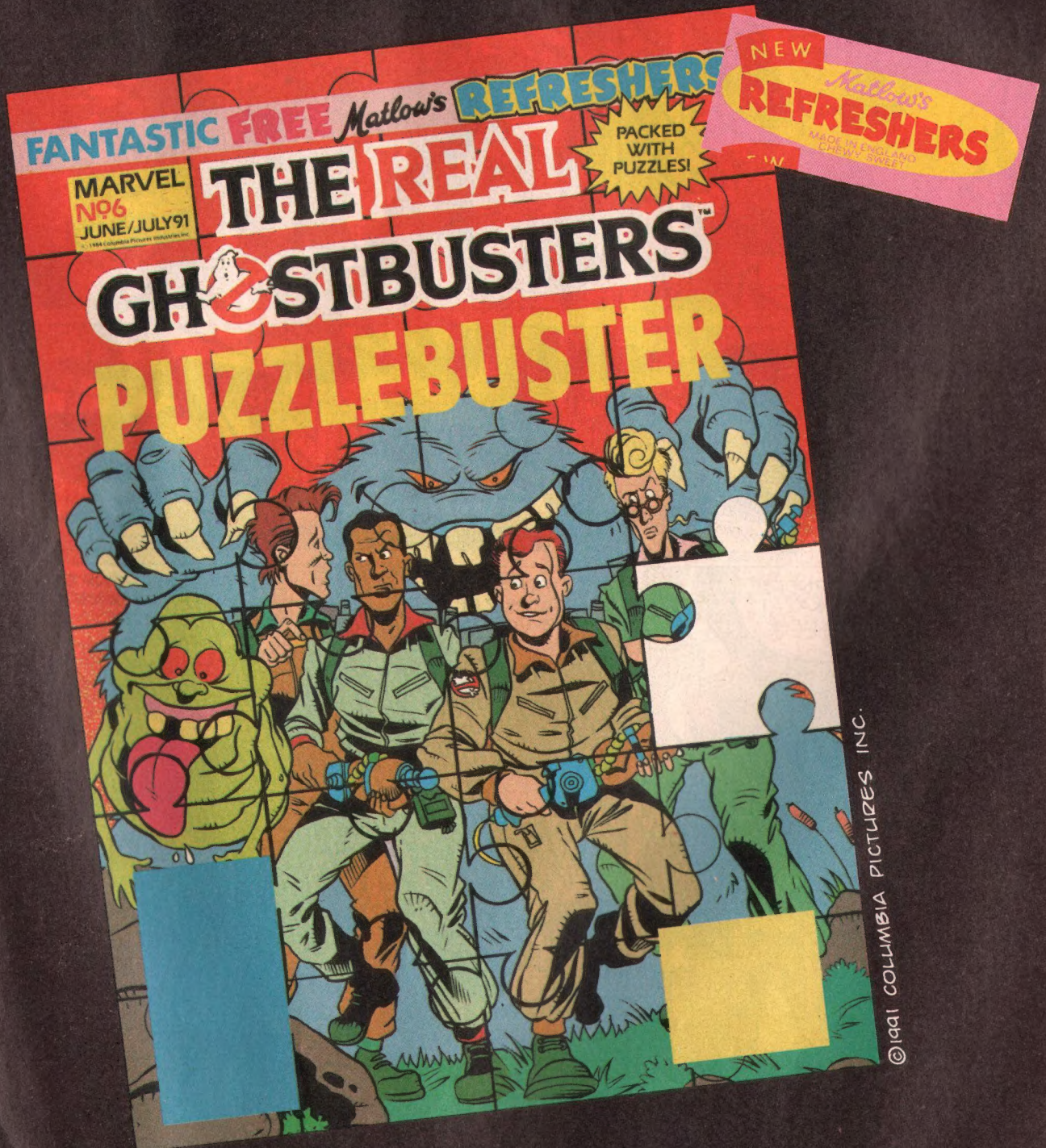
CUT IT OUT, PETER. THIS IS NO ORDINARY BUST, WE'VE JUST ENTERED THE TWILIGHT PHONE!







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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



Back in Guide One Hundred and Forty-nine, I answered Rudy Tuesday's questions about boardgames in the Supercosmos, and since then, I've been dated by many more queries about such things. So here are some additional ones for your files. By the way, you're probably thinking I meant to say I've been **inun** – dated by queries, but you're wrong. Inundated is when you disappear under a tidal wave of mail. Dated is just when you get a pile of them, but they take days to read.

Numbuteo

'Just claw to score' is the motto of this popular super-cosmic board game, a scale model version of the popular open-sulphur sport, **Numbly**. The board is spread out on any suitable flat surface like a coffee table, or a sacrificial altar, or a un-dimensional shambler that's staying around for a while before shambling off again through the crack under the door. The miniature pitch is marked out in lines just like the real thing, indicating Foul Mouth, Penultimate Box and Dead Zone, and the players use little ecto-plastic models of the players and act out the game by flicking, clawing, pounding, trampling, biting and reading

PART 157

them to pieces until a) one is declared the winner and takes home the Weird Cup replica, or b) someone knocks on the door and tells them to stop fighting as it's causing an earthquake in Tizana. Additional sets include boxes of miniature chairs that can be scattered across the pitch after the game to simulate the action of the 'Chairleaders' (see Guide Fifty-nine on the sport Numbly for details). Another special set contains a letter of apology for being in such a fearful state, that the un-dimensional shambler can give to his mum when he gets home.

Blow Foot

A strange game, but the Supercosmics seem to like it. Each player is given a long

straw and allowed to take a deep breath. The object of the game is to try to blow the feet off your opponents by force of breath alone. This game has been known to last for years until the last player has keeled over due to hyperventilation, except, of course, when an typhoon elemental is playing. Such elementals usually win because a) they can take very deep breaths, and b) they don't have any feet. It is rumoured that Tyfluskis the Shorter, a sprite who became addicted to Blow Foot at an early age and challenged Cirrus Tornado-kin, a Class Eight Storm Elemental to a game at tournament level, is still somewhere in Outer Mongolia looking for his left foot.

Blow Football

A simpler game than the above. A group of players get together and say 'Oh, blow football' and spend the rest of the day giving each other a good kicking in the spirit of foul play.


Tiddly Winks

A game that involves flipping the 'Tiddly Wonks' into a pot of bubbling sulphur. It is popular with every race inhabiting the Supercosmos except for the tiny Wink creatures of the Lower Pits.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Wednesday, 5th June 1991

Think I made a pretty bad move today. Or rather, Egon did. We had just busted this demon in a toy and game store on Fifth Avenue, and Egon said he'd like to study it before he popped it into the Containment Unit. Apparently he wanted to find out if it possessed a sense of gamesmanship and fairplay, to see if those kind of things operated on the Other Side.

I could've told him the answer was 'No, they don't' without him having to put himself out, and it would have saved us all a lot of grief. But you know Egon.

Ray, Peter and I were waiting around in reception for another call while Egon pottered about upstairs preparing the tests. It was a hot old afternoon, and we were feeling a little bit on the drowsy side. Probably had a lot to do with the full-belly feeling after consuming a West Pier Pizza the size of a manhole cover. I have to admit, I began to doze . . .

. . . and had the most amazing dream. I dreamt that I had suddenly shrunk in size and was standing on a wide, flat plain that stretched off into the distance. Peter and Ray had been shrunk down with me, and stood nearby, also looking around in sleepy surprise. Away in the distance, across the plain ahead of us, stood a group of figures that were too far away to make any real sense of.

I felt really funny, as if I was made of wood or something. It was an odd, cotton-woolly, dull sort of feeling.

'It's odd . . . ' murmured Ray nearby.

'What is?' I asked, slowly.

'This cotton-woolly, dull sort of way I'm feeling,' he answered.

'Like you're made of wood or something . . . ?' Peter said lazily. 'Yeah, I noticed that too.'

'Odd, isn't it?' Ray said.

'Yeah,' we said. We looked up, I don't know why, and saw Egon looking down at us worriedly. Egon was the size of a hot air balloon in the sky above us.

'AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!' we said, and I woke up . . .

. . . and it was real.

'Try to remain calm, guys,' Egon's voice boomed down at us.

'Calm? CALM?' asked Peter, un-calmly. 'Either you've grown to the size of a Jolly Green Giant, or we've shrunk to the size of pepperpots.'

'You've shrunk to the size of pepperpots,' said Egon, as if it made everything all right. 'Ketchup bottles actually, but I figure you're not being hyper-precise with your metaphors.'

I'll hyper-precise you -' Peter began, but was interrupted by another voice which said 'your move, Spengler.'

We looked up in the other direction to Egon. Another great head and body loomed above us opposite our giant team-mate. It was the horned and pointy-toothed head of the demon we'd busted earlier.

'Okay,' said Egon in answer, and reached down a huge hand that grabbed Ray as if he were a ketchup bottle on a table.

'Oi!' said Ray, his legs wiggling as he was lifted off the floor. 'Put me down!'

Egon obeyed and set Ray back on his feet. 'Sorry, fellows,' he said, 'but things really are a little difficult to explain right now.'

'Try us!' invited Ray angrily, slapping away Egon's huge hand as he reached down for Ray again.

'Yes, tell them, Spengler!' boomed the demon. 'It might entertain them somewhat.'

Egon bent his huge head down towards us and leant it carefully on his steeped fingers. 'I analysed the demon. It turns out that he does like playing games. He said that if I let him go for a while, he'd be pleased to show me some of his favourites.'

'And you said yes, didn't you?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Egon, repetitively. 'I had no idea . . . that his favourite game would involve me playing him using three of you as pieces.'

'What . . . er . . . what does the winner get?' asked Ray, cautiously.

Egon mumbled something.

'Pardon?' I said.

'Our immortal souls,' Egon said.

'What do we play against?

'Them -' said Egon. We turned and saw the figures in the distance had become a pack of wicked looking demi-demons.



'I'm going to miss my immortal soul,' reflected Peter.

'It's okay... it's okay' said Ray, jumping up and down enthusiastically to rally our spirits. 'We can win this. Egon, what are the rules?'

'I'm not entirely sure,' said Egon.

'I'm going to miss my immortal soul sooner than I thought,' Peter said, revising his estimation of doom.

'You've told them the fun,' cut in the demon 'now get on with your move.' Egon reached out his mighty hand towards Ray for the third time.

'Hey! Hey!' said Ray, 'Just tell me where you want me to go, okay?'

Egon pointed and Ray obligingly hop-scotched across to the indicated square on the ground beneath us.

So the game got underway. When I was a kid, we'd go round to my grandma's house some Sundays, and we'd always end up playing some dull boardgame until tea time. I always hated that. It was so boring. I didn't really understand the rules as well as the adults, and I used to

move my pieces around aimlessly, pretending I knew what was going on. Sometimes they let me win. I still hated it.

I'd rather have been back there being bored to death than here being *board* to death any day. The principles were much the same, only the stakes were higher and no one was going to let me win.

Just as my opinion of life with the Ghostbusters was reaching an all time low, a huge green blob the size of a zeppelin hovered in over the board at break-neck pace. Slime rained down over us and a voice bellowed 'Boardy-woardy gamey-wamey! Wanna play! Wanna Win! Wanna lose the bits down the edgy-wedgy of the sofa!'

Chaos (and slime) descended on us.

'Oy, what do you want?' I heard the demon squawk above the noise.

'Look out!' said Ray.

'Ouch!' said Peter, slipping over in the torrents of slime.

'Gamey wamey wamey! !! Play Play Play Play! !!' gibbered Slimer.

'Crikey...' I murmured, dripping with ectoplasm.

FZZZZZKKK! said Egon.

Well, he didn't actually say it. But he was responsible for the noise.

So there we were. Peter, Ray and I, lying on the floor around the broken slime-covered coffee table, thoroughly drenched in goo. Slimer hovered over us, looking very confused. Egon stood nearby, holding a smoking Proton Gun and a steaming Trap. I noticed that Ray, Peter and I were back to normal size. Then I noticed there was no sign of the demon.

'What happened?' I asked, spitting out goo.

'I took a chance, played the joker and check-mated him,' said Egon. 'Sorry about the mess, and the trouble.'

'Don't mention it,' said Ray, not really sure about what it was that shouldn't be mentioned.

Sometimes, Egon has all the right moves. Shame he uses all the wrong ones first.

LUMI-FUNGI

As everyone knows, Egon Spengler has a real soft spot when it comes to his collection of moulds and fungi. However, he got more than he bargained for when he began to experiment on his latest addition, a tray of lumi-fungi. These supernatural spores had hidden powers that even he couldn't foresee, and they certainly held a strong fascination for Slimer, who followed his instincts and immediately dived in to eat. As soon as he opened his mouth for the first bite, the fungi gave Slimer the fright of his after-life, by showing that it had a set of gnashers more gruesome and terrifying than our very own green spud. Plop! went the demon as it landed in Egon's soup. Having never been known to turn away his favourite mushroom broth, Egon polished off the lot, spook and all! Seconds later, the lumi-fungi enacted its revenge by throwing the scientist into a supernatural spasm, from which he emerged a new man. Gone was his head of tufty brown hair, to be replaced by his now-famous blonde quiff! It can only be assumed that the spook thought there was mush-room for improvement.

BEFORE



PING!



AFTER

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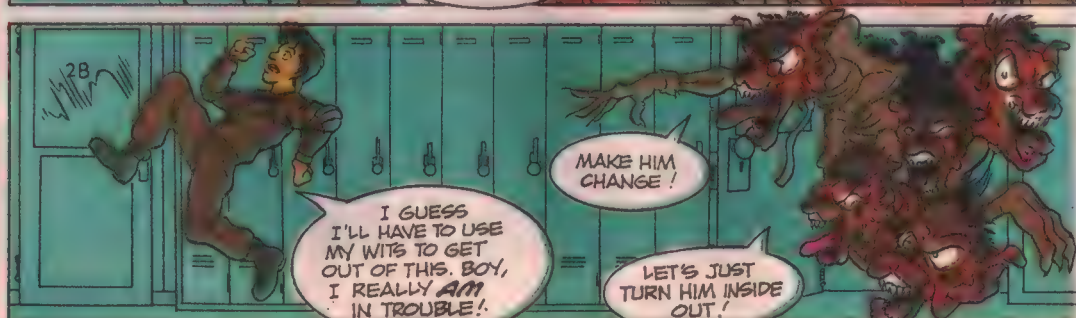
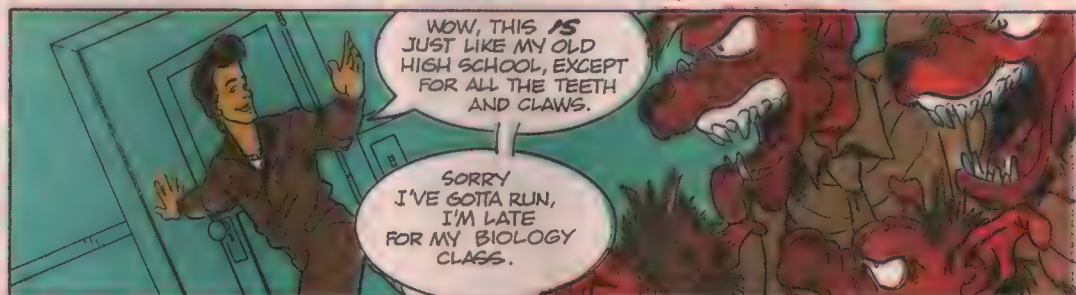
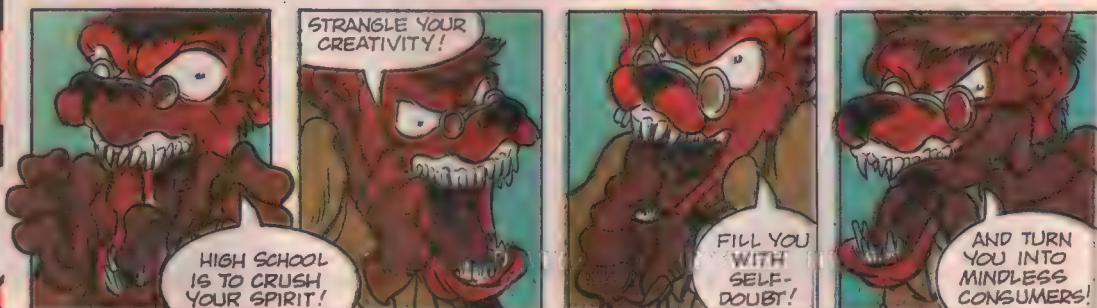
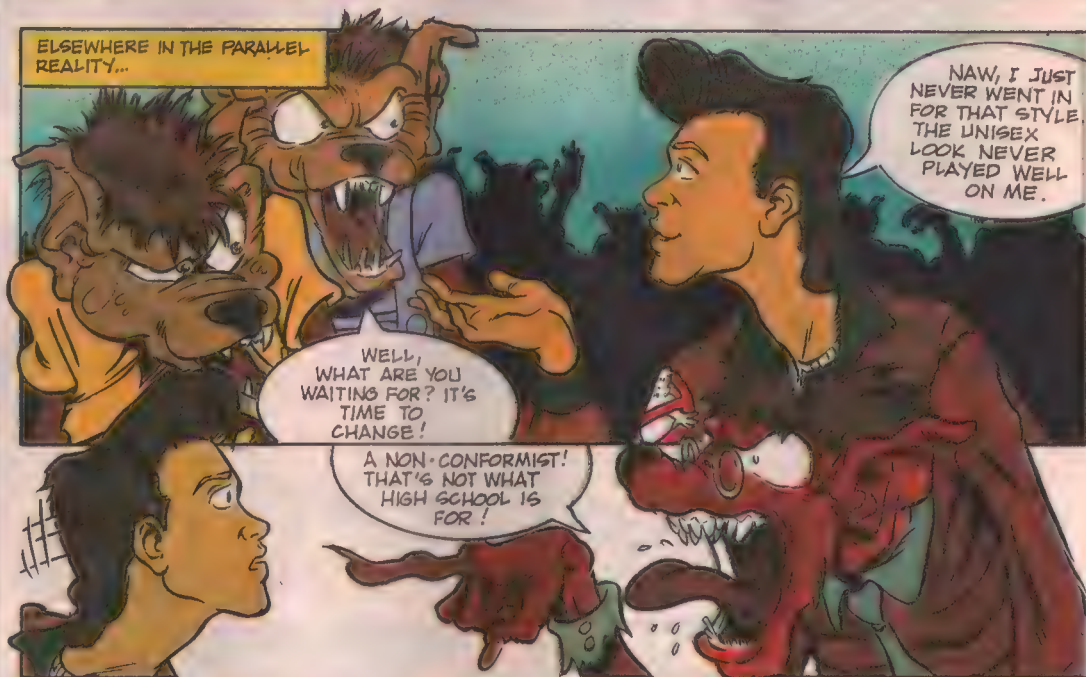


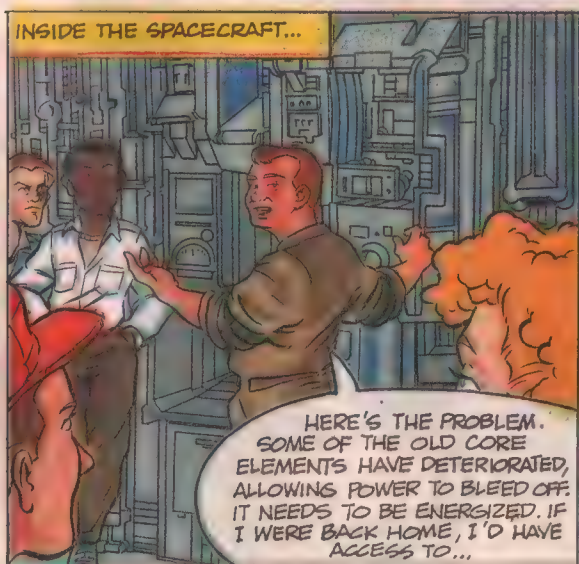
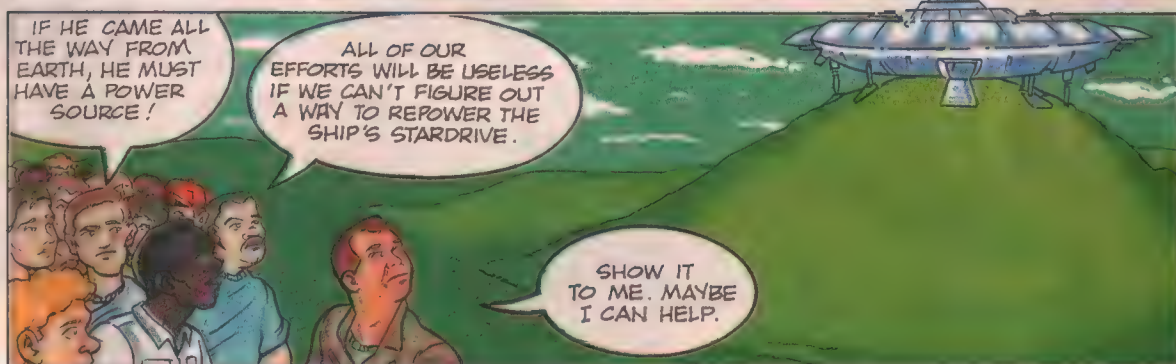
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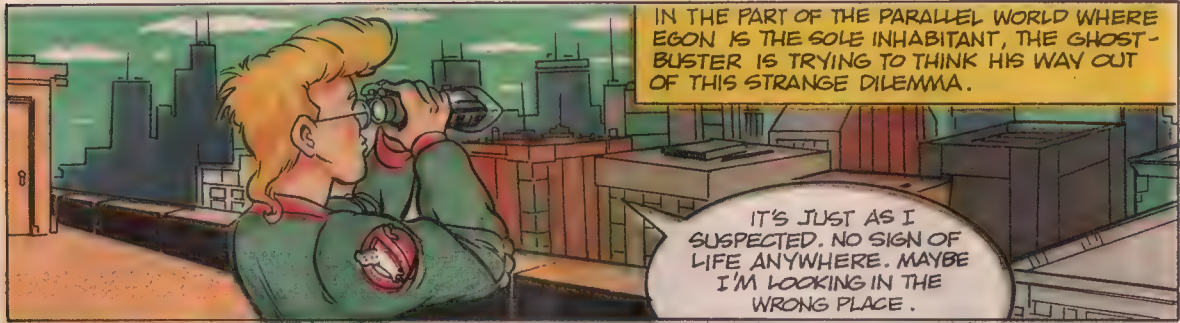
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Three: The Real Ghostbusters have been transported to a parallel world by the Counter Clock Criminals, an evil gang from the future.

ELSEWHERE IN THE PARALLEL REALITY...

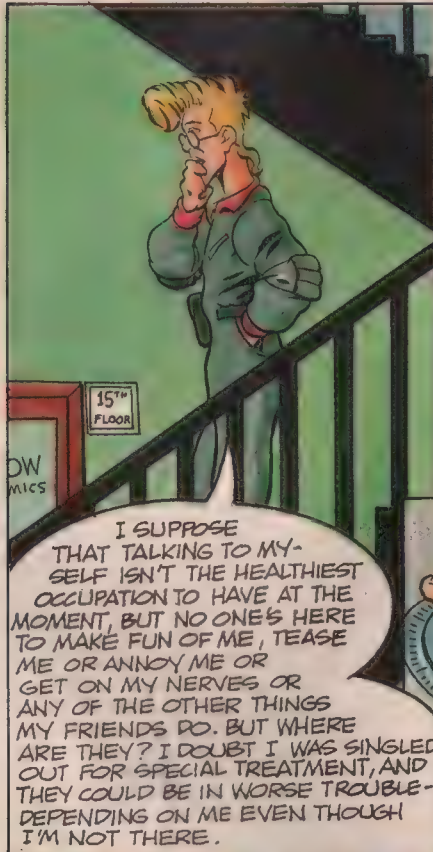




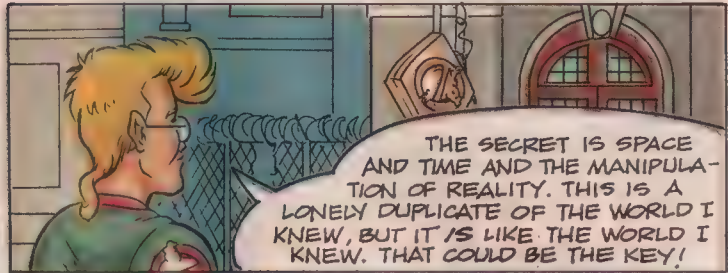


IN THE PART OF THE PARALLEL WORLD WHERE EGON IS THE SOLE INHABITANT, THE GHOST-BUSTER IS TRYING TO THINK HIS WAY OUT OF THIS STRANGE DILEMMA.

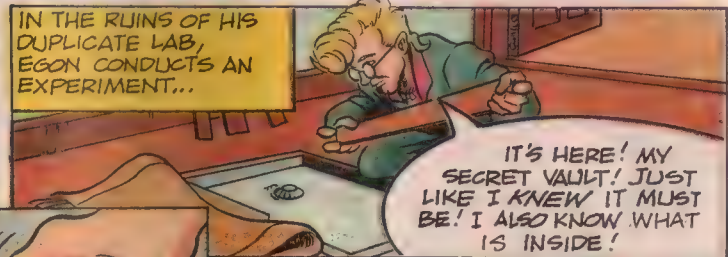
IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED. NO SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE. MAYBE I'M LOOKING IN THE WRONG PLACE.



I SUPPOSE THAT TALKING TO MYSELF ISN'T THE HEALTHIEST OCCUPATION TO HAVE AT THE MOMENT, BUT NO ONE'S HERE TO MAKE FUN OF ME, TEASE ME OR ANNOY ME OR GET ON MY NERVES OR ANY OF THE OTHER THINGS MY FRIENDS DO. BUT WHERE ARE THEY? I DOUBT I WAS SINGLED OUT FOR SPECIAL TREATMENT, AND THEY COULD BE IN WORSE TROUBLE-DEPENDING ON ME EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT THERE.

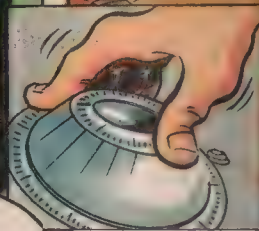


THE SECRET IS SPACE AND TIME AND THE MANIPULATION OF REALITY. THIS IS A LONELY DUPLICATE OF THE WORLD I KNEW, BUT IT IS LIKE THE WORLD I KNEW. THAT COULD BE THE KEY!

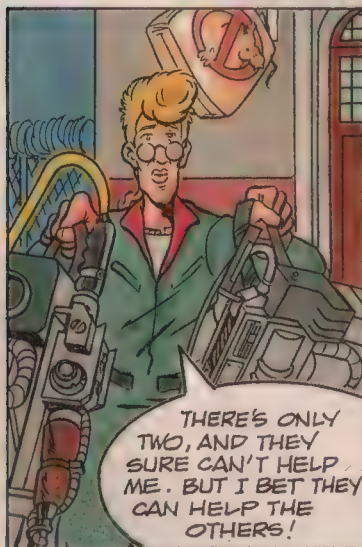
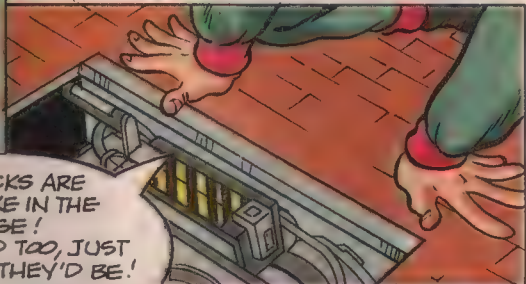


IN THE RUINS OF HIS DUPLICATE LAB, EGON CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT...

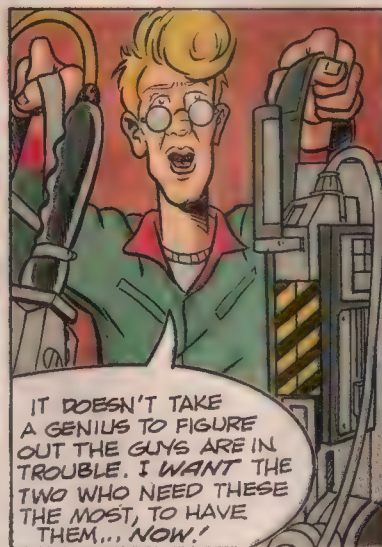
IT'S HERE! MY SECRET VAULT! JUST LIKE I KNEW IT MUST BE! I ALSO KNOW WHAT IS INSIDE!



THE PROTON PACKS ARE HERE, JUST LIKE IN THE REAL FIREHOUSE! FULLY CHARGED TOO, JUST LIKE I KNEW THEY'D BE!



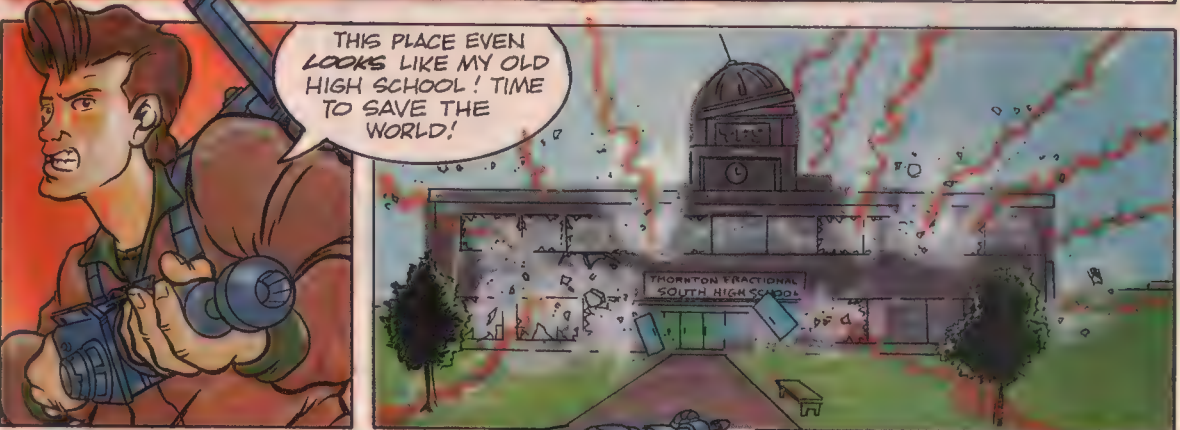
THERE'S ONLY TWO, AND THEY SURE CAN'T HELP ME. BUT I BET THEY CAN HELP THE OTHERS!



IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO FIGURE OUT THE GUYS ARE IN TROUBLE. I WANT THE TWO WHO NEED THESE THE MOST, TO HAVE THEM... NOW!



IT WORKED! JUST LIKE I KNEW IT WOULD!



MEANWHILE, RAY IS TRYING TO GET A GRIP ON THINGS, OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND?



THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS, GUYS! I DON'T HAVE WHAT YOU WANT!

EGON'S SPECIAL DELIVER ARRIVES.



THIS CAN'T BE REAL!

RAY TESTS HIS SURPRISE PACKAGE BY FIRING A WARNING BLAST...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW. IT IS REAL!

PLEASE, WE HAVE NO WEAPONS. ALL OUR RESOURCES WENT INTO CONSTRUCTING THE STARSHIP. NOW THAT WE'VE BEGUN TO RESEMBLE OUR ANCESTORS, WE WANT TO SEE THE WORLD WE NEVER KNEW!

ALL I WANT TO SEE IS THE ONE I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN.

MAYBE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER AFTER ALL.

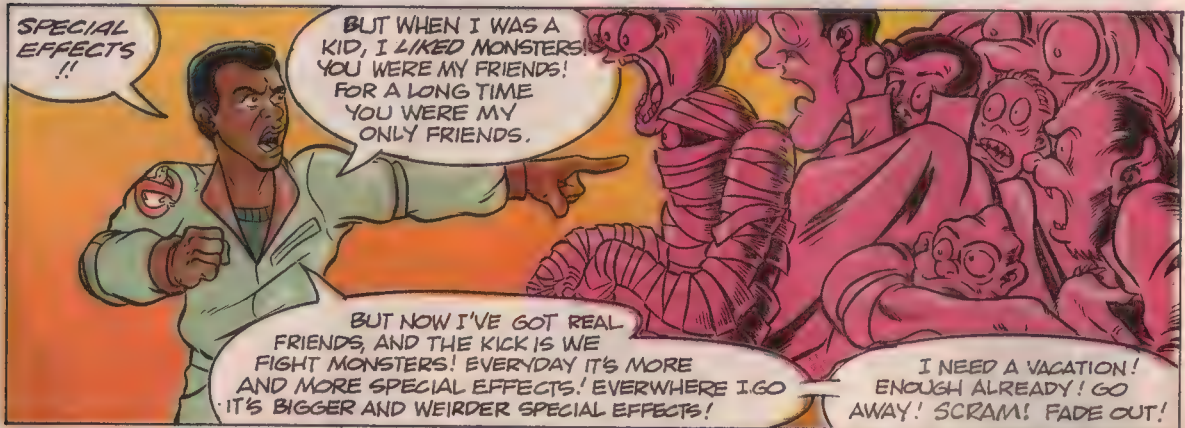
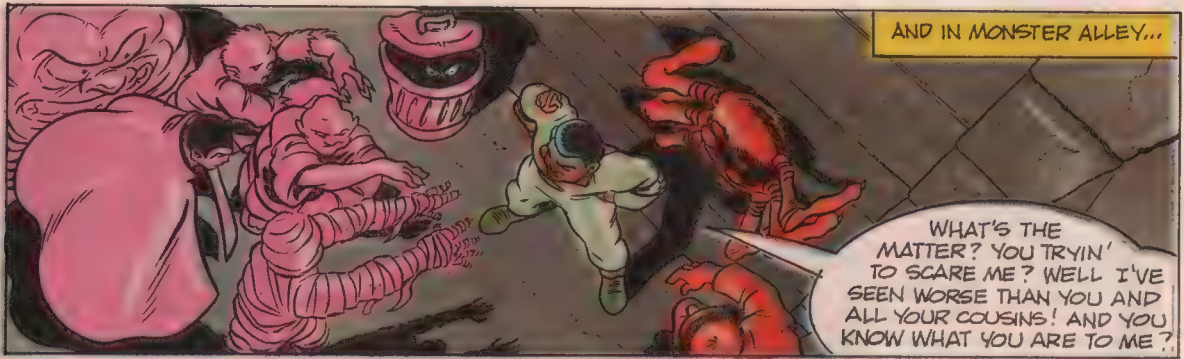


I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND ALL THIS, BUT I THINK THIS PROTON PACK WILL RE-START YOUR STARDRIVE.

ASSUMING THE REST OF THE SYSTEMS ARE FUNCTIONAL.

WE'RE NOT ENEMIES AND WE'VE GOT LOTS OF WORK TO DO.







SOMETIMES REALITY CAN PRODUCE UNPLEASANT SURPRISES WITHOUT DEPENDING ON PARALLEL WORLDS, WEREWOLF HIGH, OR OCTOPUS PEOPLE FOR INSPIRATION.



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!





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What kind of boats do vampires travel in?
Blood vessels!
— Andrew Whittaker, Morecambe

Why did Frankenstein squeeze his girlfriend to death?
Because he had a crush on her!
— Gavin McNeill, Edinburgh

What is the Ghostbusters' favourite type of food?
Toasted Marshmallow!
— Peter Barraclough, Scotland

Where do ghosts like to swim?
The Dead Sea!
Where do ghosts live?
In a far distant terror-tory!
— Duncan Buckley, Gnosall

What do modern witches fly on?
Broom-broom sticks!
— Kenneth Hague, Rotherham

What did one ghost say to the other?
Do you believe in people?!
— Nicholas Finney, Alresford

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